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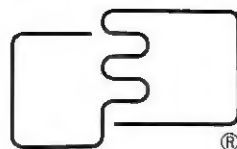
"THE CURCH" 88

# FEAR


Your prescription  
for horror.<sup>SM</sup>

TM

ISSUE NUMBER ONE



Edited by Tom Skulan and Steve Bissette



HEADS UP,  
HEADBANGERS!  
YOU **AXED** FOR IT,  
SO HERE IT IS... MY  
OWN **SKULLFULLY**  
PRODUCED COMIC RAG,  
"**SHRIEK**"! SURE TO  
PLEASE EVERYONE...  
EXCEPT **GORE**! JEEZ,  
I WANTED TO **GET**  
**AHEAD**, NOT...  
**BE ONE!**

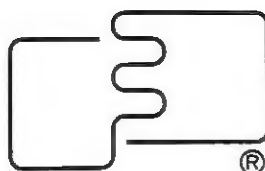
WELL, TOODLES  
TILL NEXT TIME...  
IT'S **HATCHET** FOR  
THE **HONEYMOON**!  
I'VE GOT TO --  
=CHOKE! = **SPLIT!**

SRR-



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Your prescription for horror.™

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**"A good time was had by all"**

Front cover © 1989 Larry McDougall

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Design by Tom Skulan



# END OF THE LINE

WIATER • EASTMAN • TALBOT • LAVIGNE

ANOTHER LOST, ENDLESS NIGHT IN THE CITY. AND IT'S VERY LATE.

TOO LATE, REALLY. YOU'VE JUST REALIZED THAT THERE'S NO ONE ON THE SUBWAY CAR BUT YOU AND HIM.

EVEN MORE DISTURBING, THE TRAIN DOESN'T MAKE ANOTHER STOP UNTIL THE VERY END OF THE LINE.





YOU DON'T DARE LOOK DIRECTLY AT HIM, FEARING WHAT YOU FEAR. WAITING UNTIL HE'S RAISED HIS NEWSPAPER A LITTLE HIGHER. THEN CHECKING. TO BE SURE--



YES! THE FACE IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE FRONT PAGE: IT'S HIS FACE. ABOVE IT THE HEADLINES SCREAM, IS THIS THE SUBWAY SLASHER? FIVE ATTACKS SO FAR.



IT CAN'T BE JUST A HORRIBLE COINCIDENCE. THE STRANGY BLACK HAIR. MALFORMED SMILE. TWO SMALL BUT DISTINCT SCARS ON THE RIGHT CHEEK. WILDLY STARING EYES.

# FIVE ATTACKS SO FAR

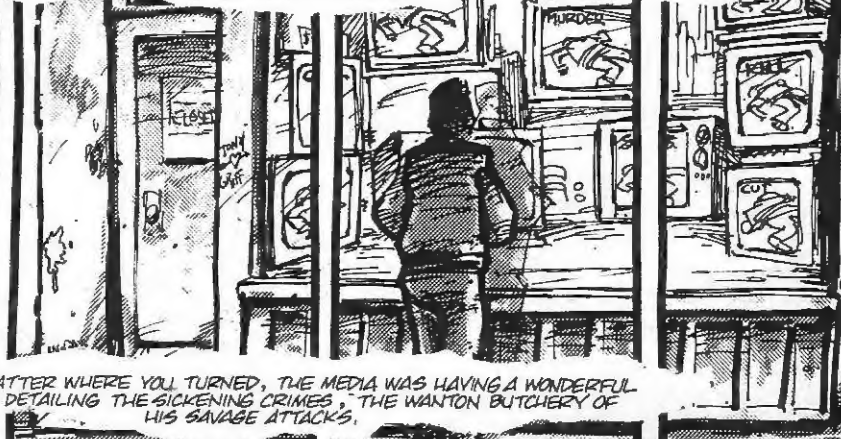
AND YOU'RE TRAPPED HERE-- ALONE-- UNTIL SOMEONE CAN COME TO YOUR RESCUE. EVEN IN YOUR WORST NIGHTMARE YOU NEVER EXPECTED TO FIND YOURSELF IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS.







THE TRAIN ROCKS VOLUNTLY BACK AND FORTH, TWISTING AROUND CORNERS LIKE A JUNKIE FREAKING OUT ON BAD DOPE. YOU'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT THIS MANIAC FOR WEEKS...



NO MATTER WHERE YOU TURNED, THE MEDIA WAS HAVING A WONDERFUL PARTY DETAILING THE SICKENING CRIMES, THE WANTON BUTCHERY OF HIS SAVAGE ATTACKS.



STUPIDLY, YOU ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU KNEW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.



EVILS HITACKS

AND NOW YOU FIND YOURSELF IN THE MIDDLE OF A CRUEL, MAYBE EVEN DEADLY, TEST OF YOUR NERVES.

IN FEAR!



TRYING HARD NOT TO IMAGINE THE BRUTALITY OF THE CRIMES HE'S ALREADY COMMITTED-- SEEMINGLY AT RANDOM, BUT ALWAYS LATE AT NIGHT -- YOU CAN ONLY SIT, AND WAIT, AND WAIT.



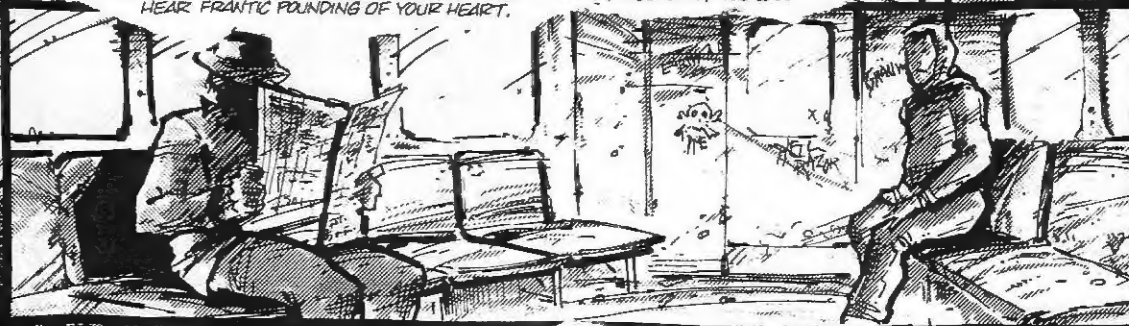
KNOWING HE'S LOOKING AT YOU.



CERTAIN THAT HE LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE THE MAN DESCRIBED IN THE NEWSPAPER AS A HUNTED MANIAC.



THE ROAR OF THE TRAIN AS IT HURTTLES DOWN THE TRACKS WAS NEVER SEEMED SO LOUD BEFORE, YET YOU'D SWEAR THAT, ABOVE IT, YOU CAN HEAR FRANTIC POUNDING OF YOUR HEART.

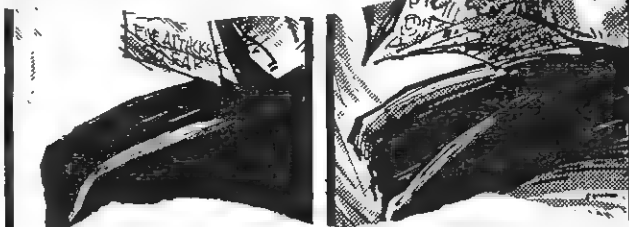


AGAIN, THE LIGHTS IN THE CAR FLICKER ON AND OFF.

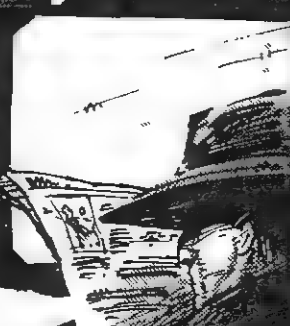




CAN IT BE? EVERY TIME THE LIGHTS COME BACK ON, HE SEEMS TO BE INCHING CLOSER TO YOUR SEAT. AND WHY IS HE SMILING?



ONE OF HIS HANDS HAS DROPPED TO HIS SIDE, AS IF THERE'S SOMETHING HIDDEN BENEATH HIS COAT. HE SMILES LIKE SOME FARMER WHO'S JUST SEVERED A CHICKEN'S HEAD FROM ITS COWARDLY NECK.



THE LIGHTS FLICKER OUT. BLACKNESS.



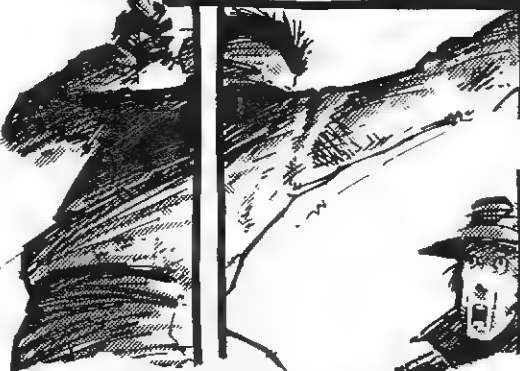
IN THE BLINKING OF AN EYE, YOU'RE SURE OF IT NOW-- HE HAS INCHED CLOSER TO YOU EACH TIME THE CAR WENT DARK.



TREMBLING ALL OVER, YOU HAVE NO CHOICE. HIS BLADE WILL BE OUT IN A MOMENT, HACKING YOU TO BITS JUST LIKE THOSE OTHER UNWITTING, DEFENSELESS VICTIMS



SO YOU LEAP, YOUR OWN SURGICAL INSTRUMENT IN ITS PURTY.



THE BLADE SLIDES BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE MANIAC'S THROAT. THEN YOU PLUNGE IT INTO HIS EYES SO HE'LL NEVER LOOK AT YOU THAT WAY AGAIN. THE FILTHY LEER LINGERS, BUT AT LEAST THE HANDS AND MOUTH ARE NEVER GOING TO SUCK ANYMORE



RUSH OUT, YOU BRIEFLY NOTICE THE FACE TURNING TO MEET YOU IN THE GLASS WINDOW OF THE DOOR. YOU JUST KEEP MOVING -- BECAUSE ONCE AGAIN YOU THINK YOU'VE JUST SEEN THE SUBWAY SLASHER: THE STRINGY BLACK HAIR, THE TWO SMALL SCARS.

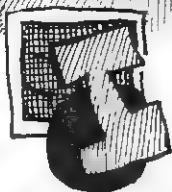
THAT MALFORMED SMILE.



End



# MY FEARING MOST EXPERIENCE



HAD JUST FINISHED MY NIGHTLY RITUAL OF VIEWING "HIGHWAY PATROL" WHEN, OVERCOME BY AN UNACCOUNTABLE LETHARGY, I SUCCUMBED TO THE URGE TO DOZE AND KACKED OUT RIGHT THERE ON THE DAVENPORT.

"10-4"



HIS NIGHT, FACTORS UTTERLY ALIEN TO MY ACCUSTOMED HABITS OF SNOOZING...

AS TOLD  
TO:  
Michael H. Price  
TEXT & LAYOUTS  
ADRIAN MARTINEZ  
ILLUSTRATIONS  
© 1986

...WOULD CONSPIRE TO VISIT UPON ME AN ORDEAL OF TERROR OF A CALIBRE I WOULDN'T WISH FOR MY MOST BITTER ENEMY!

**B** LAME MY CIRCUMSTANCES ON THE UNFAMILIAR ANGLE OF REPOSE ON THE WILL-SAPPING SUBLIMINAL DRONE OF SOME WEE-HOURS TEEVEE EVANGELIST WHO AMONG US CAN SAY?



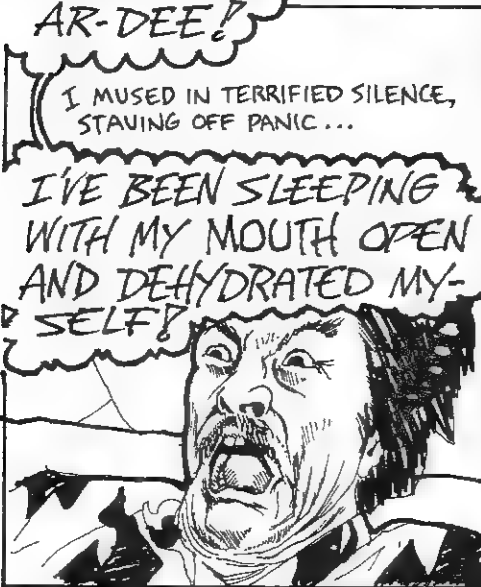
SHEE-IT-BOY-AR-DEE!



AT ANY RATE, I WAKED JUST AS THE SUN ROSE...



...TO FIND MYSELF UTTERLY PARALYZED ~ UNABLE TO MOVE OR EVEN CRY OUT!



I MUSED IN TERRIFIED SILENCE, STAVING OFF PANIC...

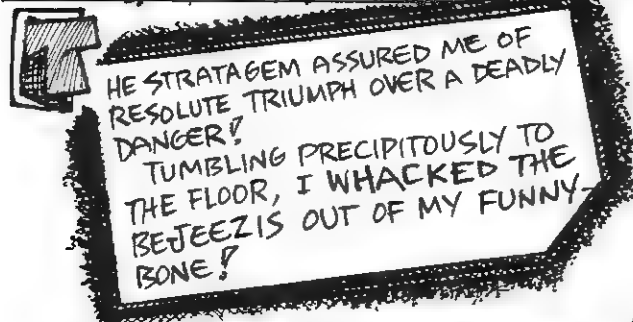
I'VE BEEN SLEEPING WITH MY MOUTH OPEN AND DEHYDRATED MYSELF!



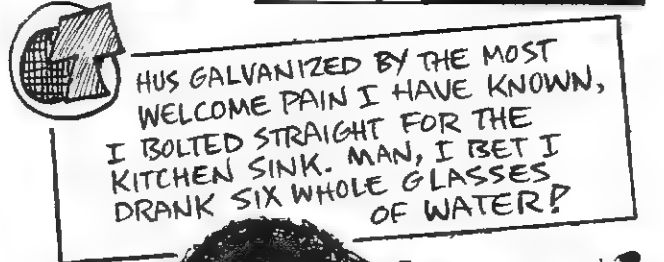
MY FEVERED MIND AT LENGTH DEvised A DESPERATE COURSE OF ACTION.



WITH MY LAST SHRED OF WANING VITALITY, I OOTCHED MY EN-FEEBLED CARCASS SIDEWAYS OVER THE ARM OF THE SOFA, LEST IT BECOME MY BIER!



HE STRATAGEM ASSURED ME OF RESOLUTE TRIUMPH OVER A DEADLY DANGER? TUMBLING PRECIPITOUSLY TO THE FLOOR, I WHACKED THE REJEEZIS OUT OF MY FUNNY BONE!



HUS GALVANIZED BY THE MOST WELCOME PAIN I HAVE KNOWN, I BOLTED STRAIGHT FOR THE KITCHEN SINK. MAN, I BET I DRANK SIX WHOLE GLASSES OF WATER!



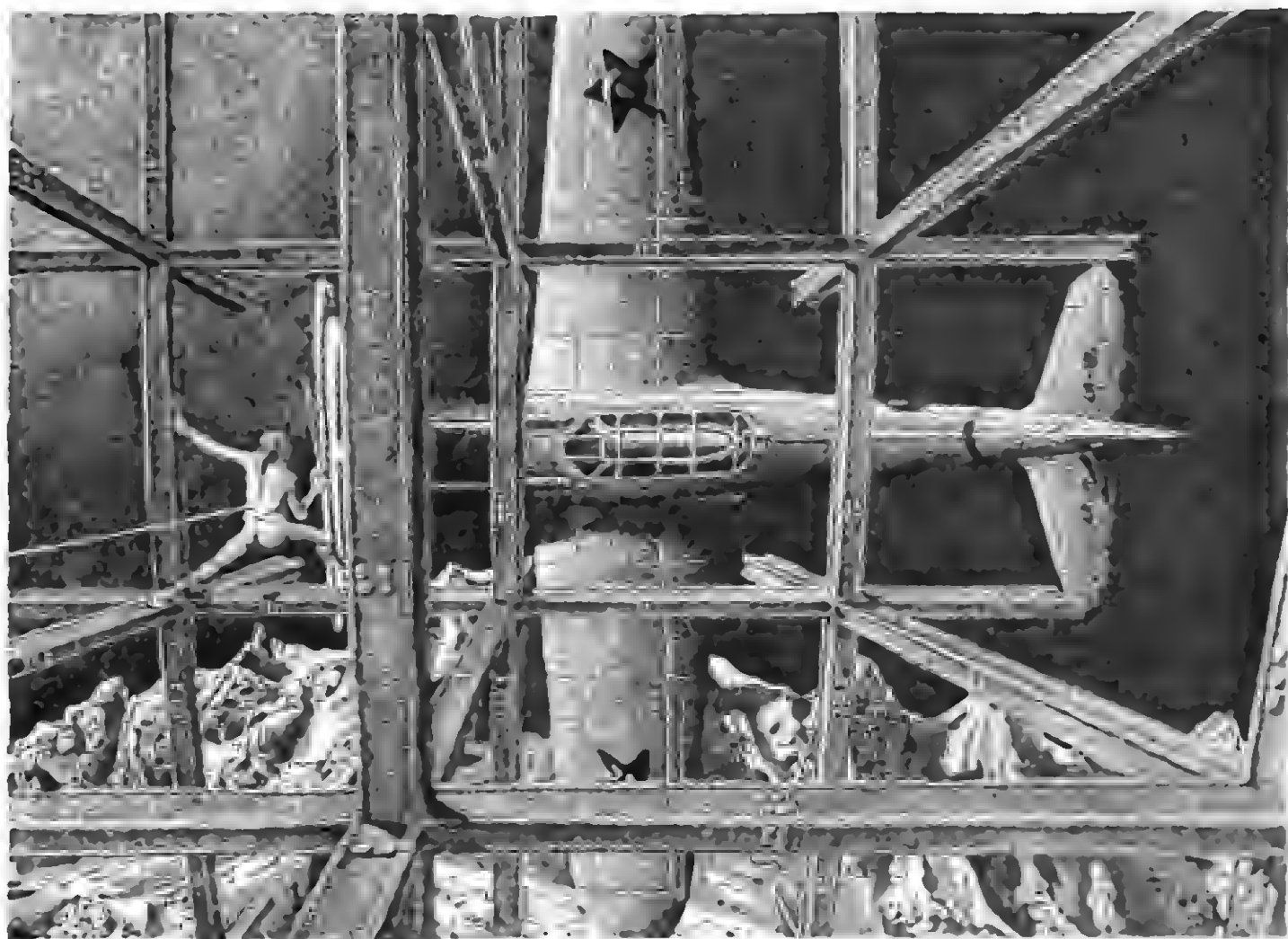
...DAMN' GOOD THING I DID, ELSE I'D NEVER'VE LIVED T' TELL THE TALE!

End

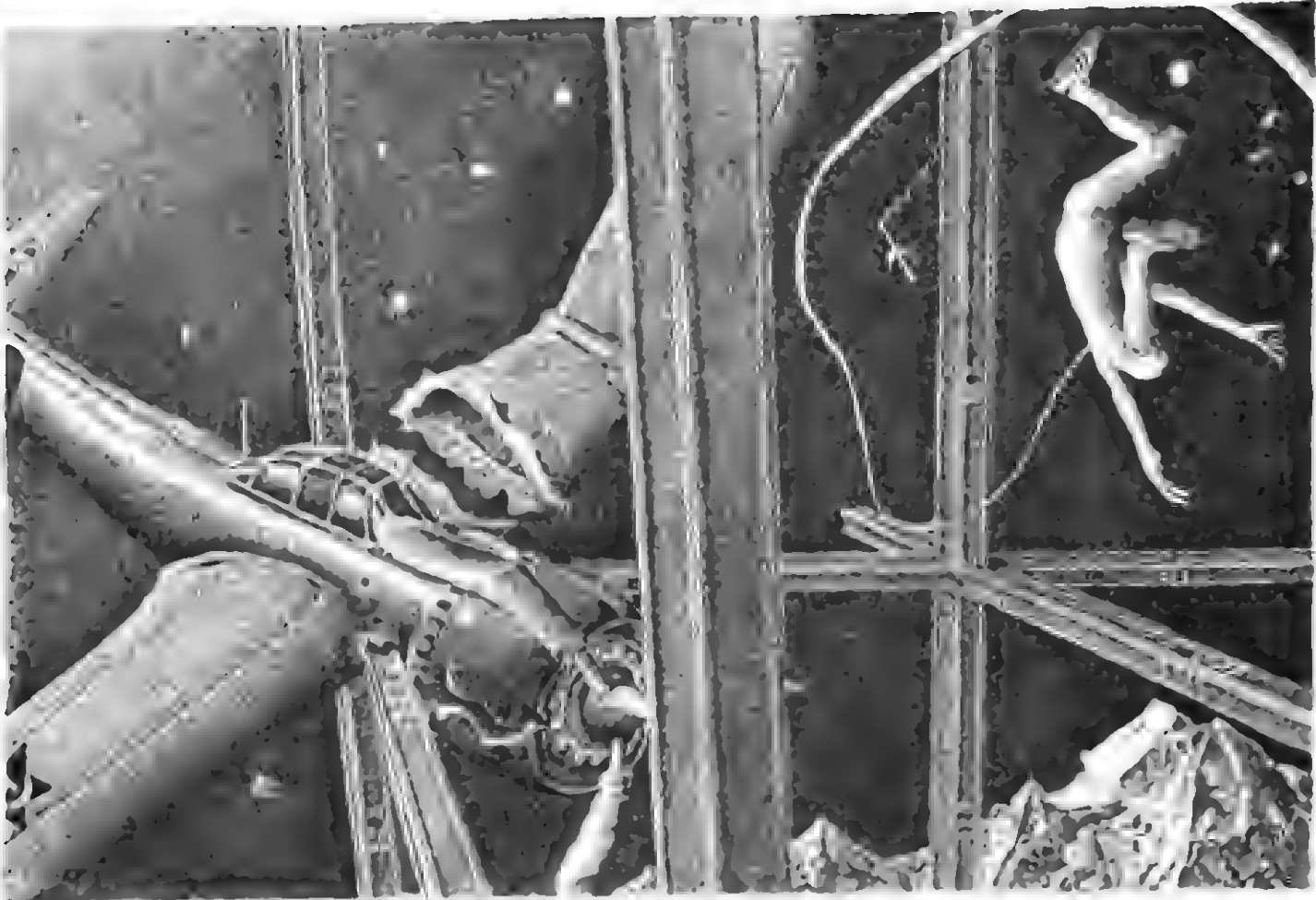




- Corvus Corax -

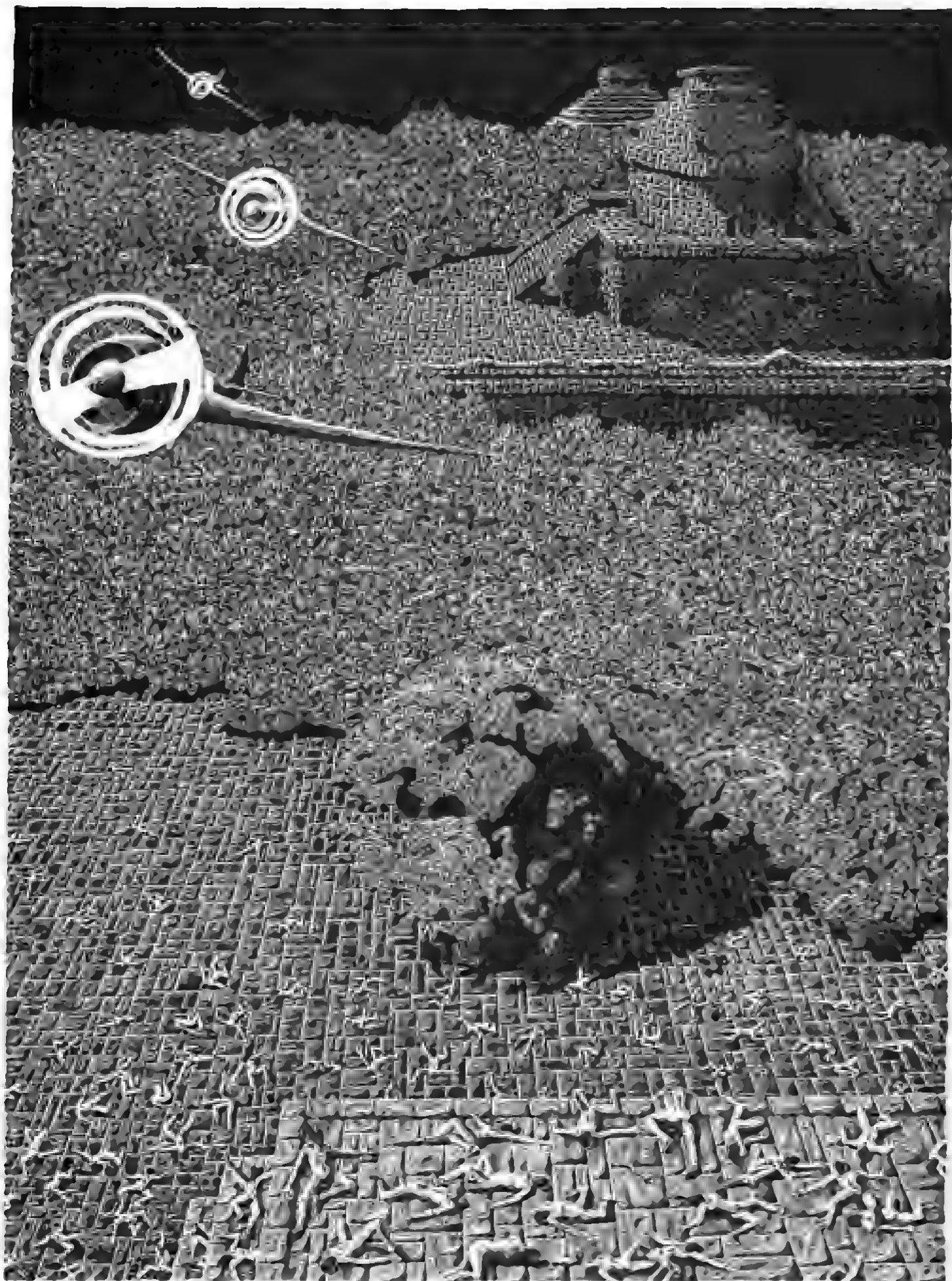


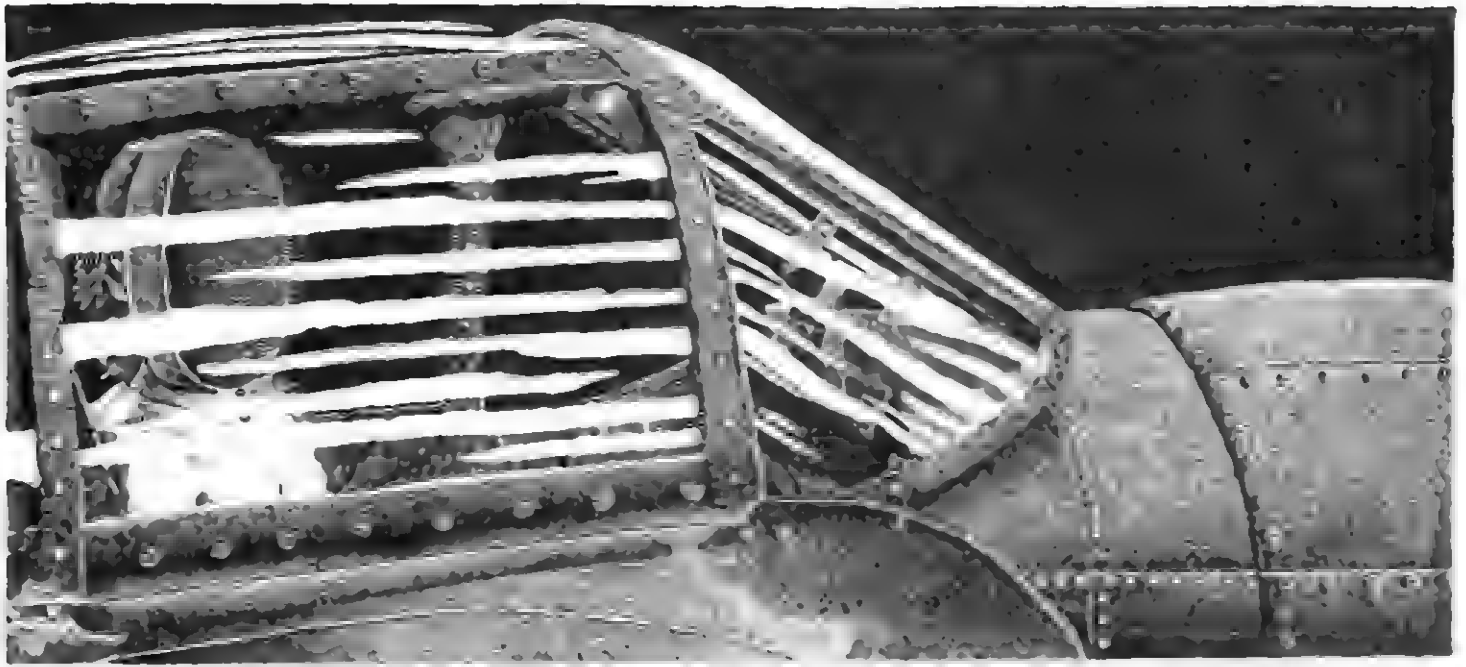




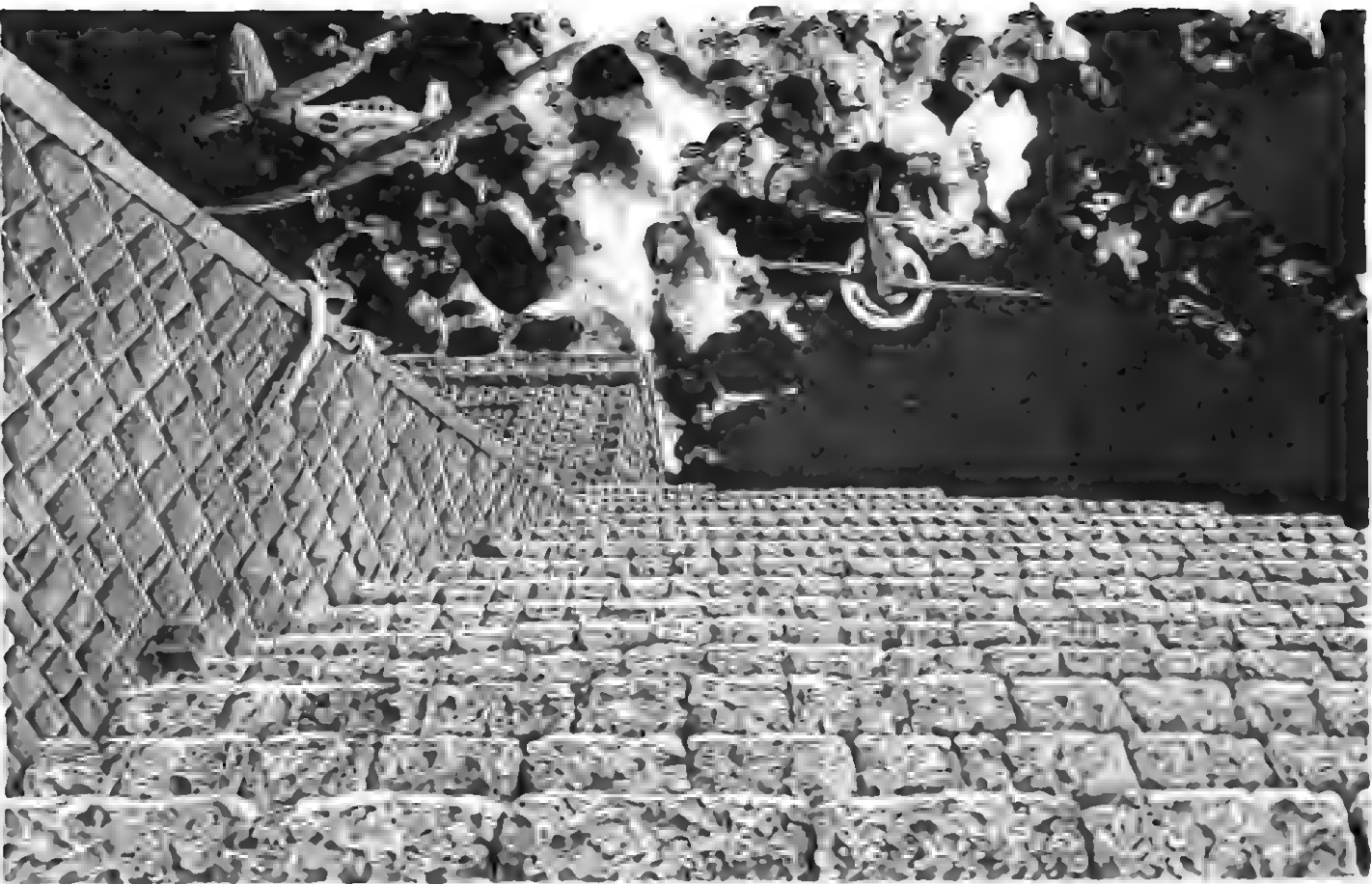


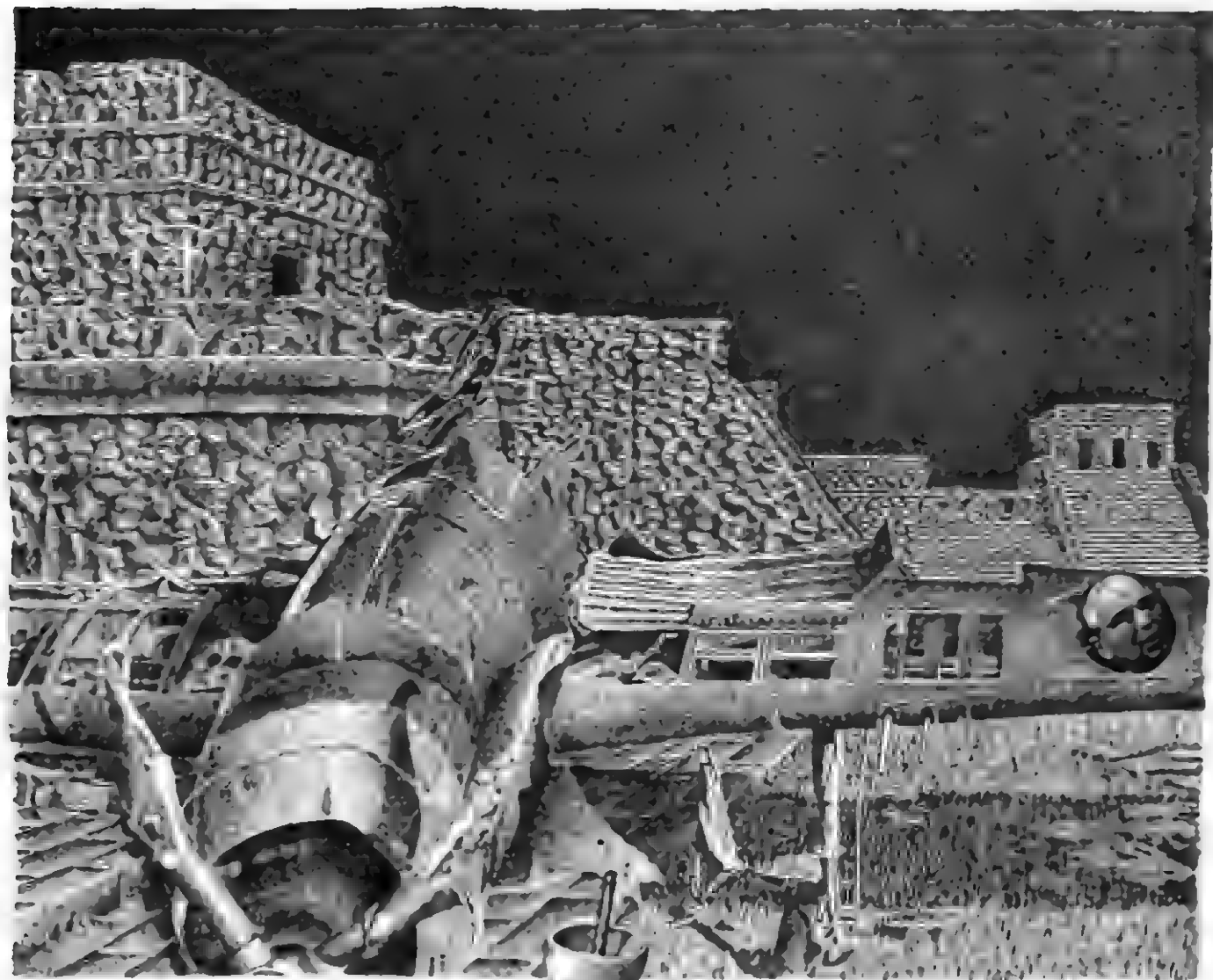












# Hon-Yock Heaven

by Randy Stradley

If you care to, you can hear a lot of strange stories passed around by the folks that live up in these hills; after the mines played out, stories were about all anybody had left. I could tell you a hundred or so myself—some so wild you'd call me a liar—but I know them to be true because I was there when they happened. Like the time the Montag Oil truck fell through Barlow Street into Jack Petrich's mine. Petrich was down at the far end, digging away, and when his tunnel began filling up with oil he figured he'd struck it rich on something other than gold. Or there was the time Harv Willoughby and his boys, following a vein of ore, dug their way up through their own fruit cellar and found Mrs. Willoughby and Doc Moody in there wearing nothing but their stockings and a pint of strawberry jam.

Of course, there were some that weren't so funny, like the cave-in at the Kearny mine. That was a bad one. Seven men were inside when a hundred yards of tunnel collapsed. It took five days to reach them, with the whole town pitching in. By rights, the lot of 'em should've been dead, but when we pushed through, there they were—holding hands and singing hymns in the dark. None of them had much to say about what went on those five days, but I heard one of 'em told his wife and the pastor that angels had come and shored up the timbers of the mine.

I suppose, if you talked to the *real* old timers—those that were here when the whole mining boom started—you could hear even stranger tales than the ones I can tell. But just about anyone who goes burrowing into the skin of ol' Mother Earth—and I mean really digging, not just scooping out a hole to bury a pile of garbage or the family dog—can tell you to count on seeing or finding something unexpected.

If I ever knew, I've forgotten the name of the fella that first discovered there was gold to be found under the town of Pollock. But once the news got out, most everyone in town started running a shaft of some kind. Some started in their cellars, figuring that as being a kind of head start. Others just started digging anywhere they could get a shovel into the ground. It was the height of the Great Depression, and the thought of gold was enough to make anyone put their back into it. It didn't matter that nobody got rich; at least no one went hungry. It was good for the town—while it lasted.

When I finally came west, in the late Fifties, most of the backyard mines had been sealed up or flooded and Pollock was back to being a regular town. As regular as a town like Pollock could be, anyway. With most of the town undermined by shafts, and some of the shafts undermined by others, things like oil trucks falling through the streets had to be expected.

There was still some mining going on though. Dreams die hard, and dreams of striking the Mother Lode die harder than most. To a fella like me, digging is digging, whether it's digging ditches for the county or digging for gold. Somehow though, the gold appealed to me more.

I started working for the Dixon brothers, Tom and his older brother Nick. Even back then Nick was more than half crazy, but as long as he was still able to put in an honest day's work no one minded much—and no one said anything for fear Tom would take offense. Tom was the real boss, and he always looked out for his brother—no matter what folks in town might tell you.



The claim they worked was a small one, but it kept five men fed year 'round. The work wasn't easy, but I came to like the close, secret feeling you got from being under the earth. And I came to like Tom, too. As different as he and his brother were, he and I were alike. We took to each other. We shared hard work and good times, and we got to be as close as two men could be. We understood each other, and that's a rare thing, even between friends.

I guess that's why I stayed on at the works even after the gold had petered out and the other men had drifted away—not that I had anywhere else to go. By that time Nick was eligible for Social Security and, because our needs were small, his one check made do for the three of us. I know the folks in town didn't think much of our arrangement, because they had names for us. I'd heard most of them before, but Tom had to explain one to me: "hon-yock."

"It's what we are, to the town-folk," he said, "Hicks."



But it seems those that called us that meant it to mean more than that. They didn't like the way Tom and I lived off of Nick's old age check. They looked upon us as bloodsuckers, or something worse, but Tom and I didn't see it that way. Nick was like a big child that we had to take care of, and in his way, Nick took care of us. And no matter how bad Nick got, even when he'd cry like a baby over nothing, I could tell Tom truly loved him. Eventually, we adopted the name "hon-yock" for ourselves. It was always "Hon-yock do this," or "Hon-yock, get me another brew," or "Hon-yock, you're so stupid you couldn't pour piss out of a boot if the instructions were on the heel."

Even Nick got into it, renaming the mine "Hon-yock Heaven" and painting a sign to hang over the entrance. We got a laugh out of that one, partly because it was a truer name now than the "Dixon Mine." If we'd done any digging in the past few years it was just to scoop out a new place to sit next to the pool. I haven't mentioned the pool yet, have I? I should, if you're going to understand this story.

One morning in '74 we came into the mine, and it was just there. A section of the floor, about the size of a double bed, had fallen through or been washed away, and in its place was a pool of icy-cold, crystal-clear water. The surface was as still and smooth-looking as a mirror—but that was its deception. An underground river, rushing through an old lava tube on its way to some distant lake or river, had finally eaten its way through there, and the water kind of welled up almost to the floor of the mine. But just below that still surface the water was really moving. When ol'Nick stuck his hand into it, he got his glove torn off. A government inspector or a geologist could have pulled out some fancy words to explain what was happening there, except by that time there was no mining going on anymore, and Tom wouldn't have allowed them down there anyway. But the explanation was plain for anyone to see—the water rushed in on one side, swirled around and around, then rushed out the narrower exit chute about twelve feet down—at the bottom of the pool.

After that day the pool became our special place. Sitting down there in the cool darkness with our beans and our beer and the faint sucking sound coming from the edges of the pool, we were happy. We even strung one of the sixty watt bulbs we used to light the mine over the pool so we could sit and watch as things came through.

Sometimes there'd be a sudden flow of silt from some unseen disturbance somewhere upstream, or a blast of sulphur that'd turn the pool yellow and raise a stink worse than any diet of beans could summon, or there'd come a swirl of what Nick called "pixie dust," but it was really just flakes of shiny mica caught in the current. Once in awhile we'd see other things come through, too—living things—but like no fish or animal I ever saw or heard about before. They'd come whooshing into the pool, white and bloodless against the dark surrounding rocks, a writhing confusion of twisting feelers or tentacles, blind eye-stalks, and pincers wrapped around a gaping jagged mouth, whirl around in the current for a second or two and then disappear down the chute. But even when there was nothing to be seen coming through, it was enough to just sit and watch the fluttering and rippling of the surface of the pool.

Like I said, that pool became the center of our lives—the way I suppose television is for other folks. It was calm and peaceful under the earth, and Tom and I were content to drink our beer and be still. Nick, though, being like a big kid, hadn't the patience to wait for things to flush through. He had this fascination with throwing things into the pool and watching them get sucked away, and anything he could get his hands on went right in. After a time Nick became part of the show and we watched him along with the pool. God, it went on like that for years, but we never felt we were wasting our time. The pool was our secret tap on the pulse-beat of Mother Earth.

One day, I was coming back from town. It was my turn to pick up supplies for the week, and I was lugging two bags loaded with cans of beer and food up the hill to our camp when I saw Tom coming out of the mine. He was kind of staggering, and I remember thinking how I was gonna be pissed with him if he'd made me walk all the way into town when there was still beer left. But I forgot about getting mad as we got closer.

"Hey, hon-yock! Were you holding out on me?" I shouted, but the words died on my lips.

I could see Tom was as white as one of those critters that flashed through our pool. Everything above his beard was covered with little pearls of sweat, and though he was coming toward me, it didn't look like he could see me or even knew I was there. I set the groceries down and climbed the rest of the way up to him.

"Tom, what's the matter? You look a mess . . ." I had to grab him under the arms to hold him up. He collapsed against me and started crying—just sobbing big sobs and crushing his face into my shoulder.

"I told him not to try it alone. I told him to wait for me," he blurted.

Obviously, he was talking about Nick, but it was close to twenty minutes before I could get him to stop crying and tell me the story. I'm not stupid. I figured I could find out for myself what'd happened just by going up to the mine, but somehow I wasn't too anxious to find out what had Tom sobbing his lungs out. Besides, I told myself, I shouldn't leave Tom alone. I steered him toward our tiny cabin, got him onto his bunk, and waited until he could talk.

"It was the gold," Tom said when he could finally choke out the words. "You know how Nick is . . . was . . . always tossing stuff in the pool. And you know that big rock he'd been working at all week?"

I nodded. Nick had been digging at this boulder at the edge of the pool for about four days, trying to loosen it enough to roll it into the pool. He said he wanted to make "a big splash."

"He finally got it free, and rolled it to the edge of the pool. I gave him a hand and we hoisted it up to shoulder level. It was heavier





than it looked, and I should have realized . . . but I didn't, and we heaved it right into the pool." The words came flowing out of Tom now, and though I was right in front of him, his eyes were looking off over my shoulder toward the mine.

"I could see Nick was disappointed because the rock didn't make much of a splash," Tom said, "You know how that water is; it's stretched so tight you could almost bounce a coin on it. The rock went in, but there was just this slurping noise, like a kid with a straw and an empty soda. But I'll tell you, when we looked into the pool I got a shock! Nick's rock had split open when it hit the bottom, and staring up at us was the biggest hunk of gold I've ever seen!

"Well, I guess I got mad at Nick, saying if he hadn't thrown that rock in there we'd all be rich. I started yelling at him, and pretty soon he starts to crying. I felt bad then. It wasn't really his fault. We've been sitting on that rock for years. If he hadn't dug it out we'd never have known about it."

Tom paused and drained a beer. Some of the color was coming back to his face, but his eyes still didn't want to meet mine.

"I told Nick not to worry," said Tom, "that when you got back we'd figure out some way to get the gold up, but he kept crying and blubbing and telling himself what a fool he was. Well, I came out to check if you'd gotten back yet, and when I went back in . . ." Tom's voice caught and he reached for another beer.

"When I went back in, it was just in time to see him go under. He'd tied a length of cable around his waist and looped the other end around one of the old rail ties. He was going right in. Before I could even holler at him, he was gone. I ran over and started yanking on the cable, trying to haul him back up," the words were coming faster now, and Tom was sweating like a beer right out of the cooler. "The current was stronger than I thought. Nick never got near that hunk of gold. He was swept right down, right down to where the water funnels out. I was pulling as hard as I could, but he was just pulled right down, until he stuck there, his shoulders wedged where it drains, and his face looking up at me.

"God, that was the worst part. He was looking up at me, and I could see his mouth moving, 'Help me, help me,' and there was nothing I could do. Then, after about a minute, bubbles started comin' out of his nose and mouth. Only they didn't float up—they were sucked right down, like everything else. And when the bubbles stopped, . . ." Tom gulped at his beer, "when the bubbles stopped, I came to find you."

I left Tom there, sobbing into his mattress. I hadn't planned on going up to the mine yet, but I found my way up there by habit and went on in. The sixty watt was still burning. The cable was still attached to the rail tie. It took me a long time to work up the gumption to look into the pool.

It was just like Tom had said. There was something bright and gold at the bottom of the pool—about the size of a man's head. At the other end of the pool was Nick. All you could see of him was his shoulders and his head . . . and he was looking up. With his arms pinned straight at his sides and his mouth wide open, he was looking at me.

"It's my fault," Tom said. He scared the shit out of me—I hadn't heard him come in.

"No it's not," I said, "Nick was always soft in the . . ."

"Nick was my brother! He depended on me!"

"He depended on both of us," I shouted, "It's not your fault he tried something stupid. You did your best; you did all you could."

Tom didn't say anything, and he didn't look at me. Nick did though. I could feel him staring at me, looking up at me with those wide, dead eyes.

"We can't leave him like this," Tom said. I nodded. I knew what he had in mind. I didn't relish the thought.

Without a word, we each grabbed the dry end of the cable and began to pull. We didn't pull very long. The cable suddenly went slack, and the two of us went down on our backs. The cable hadn't broken, it had just come undone. We should have thought about who tied the knot in the first place. Nick was looking up at us. Pleading.

"I can't leave him like that," Tom said. It was past nine, and the fire was beginning to die in the stove without either of us making a move to cook anything. "I can't stand the thought of him looking up at me. He blames me. He depended on me and I let him down."

Earlier, Tom and I had tried lowering a blanket into the pool, hoping it would cover Nick, but it had bunched up around his shoulders, leaving his face uncovered. Leaving his eyes staring up.

"You've got to go to the sheriff's office, tell them what happened . . ."

"What? And let them say what they've always said? That I never cared for my brother; that he would have been better off with the State looking after him? Let them come out here and call us 'hon-yocks'?" Tom was raging. "Never."

"What else can we do?"

"Not us. Me. The hell with you," Tom growled, "Nick's my brother. I'll take care of him!"

Tom and I had had our share of rows before, all friends do. But he'd never really hit me, not like he did then. I wasn't expecting it, and I went right over my cot, slamming my head against the wall.

When I woke up, which I don't think was too much later, Tom was gone. I didn't have to wonder where I'd find him. I went to the mine.

I couldn't find any sign of him at first, but then I saw that the cable hanging down from the tie was taut. I followed the line of it down to Tom. He hadn't gone in yet, at least not all the way. He was still hanging on to the edge, head and shoulders sticking out of the water. The pool was pulling at him though, making sucking noises where his body broke the surface tension.

I shouted, but he didn't hear me. Or he didn't want to.

As I ran up he lowered himself into the suction, going slowly, hand over hand. As his head went under I could see the swirling water making little whirlpools, with tails like miniature tornados, tracing across his face. I took hold of the cable and tried to pull him back up. He was right about that current—I couldn't hold him. I let loose of the cable and knelt down at the edge of the pool. Tom was standing at the bottom of the pool beside his brother, stooped over, being crushed by the force of that rushing water. He was struggling with the cable, and it came to me that he was trying to get it around Nick's shoulders.

He never made it. I guess he felt himself running out of breath, because he grabbed for the cable himself and began trying to haul himself back up. The skin of his face stretched in the current. He was in trouble, there was no way he would make it to the surface alone. I threw myself on my belly and shoved my arm into the pool as far as I was able. I felt the blood pulled to my fingertips as the current took hold, billowing and vacuuming the sleeve of my shirt. I dug my other hand into the gravel of the mine floor, splitting fingernails and tearing skin, but not feeling any of it. Only that terrible straining, the pull of the water.

Tom made a little progress up the cable, but he knew he was in trouble. He was trying to reach up to me. I don't think he could actually see me, but he knew I was there and he was doing his damndest to reach me. It wasn't enough. Our fingertips barely brushed before the angry current tore them from each other. I tried reaching him again, but it was too late.

I don't think I'll ever get that image out of my head. I'll always remember him poised there, frozen in that moment, with his clothes rippling along his body and his eyelids stretched back like a cartoon Chinese. When the current finally got him it took him fast, but I'll always remember it in slow motion. He kind of drifted down, one arm straight above his head, still reaching out to me, the other pressed to his side. It looked as though he was going to land right on Nick's head; one human building block on top of another. But at the last second the current shoved him aside and forced him down into the crevice. One leg caught on a rock and was forced into an unnatural angle until I thought it would snap. Then his whole body gave a little hop, like he was jumping into a hole, and down he went.

If there were any bubbles from Tom, I didn't see them. I was too busy looking at Nick. He was moving.

I don't know if it was because of some easing of the current caused by Tom's body plugging the rest of the drain, or if it was some kind of nerve reaction—like when you go to gut out a dead deer and it kicks—but Nick was moving. Maybe somebody could find a scientific explanation for what happened, but I don't think I'd believe it.

As Tom slipped into the hole beside him, Nick's head sort of swivelled down until they were looking at each other eye-to-eye. Maybe you could say it was just the current pulling at their faces that made them look the way they did, but I know they were smiling. Empty, dead smiles. Just standing there in that icy water, right there in the pulse of the earth, grinning at each other . . . forever.

That was six days ago. I was waiting for Nick's check to come in the mail, but if it doesn't come today I'm moving on without it. You see, I was up at the mine last night, for the first time since Tom went in. I went up there to turn off that blasted light. It didn't seem right having that naked bulb shining into their grave. So I went up there to shut it off. I wish I hadn't, because I noticed something—the pool is overflowing. I guess Nick and Tom both were more than it could swallow, if you take my meaning. With nowhere for the water to go, the current is a fraction of what it was. Now it'd be no trick for a good swimmer to go down and hook a rope onto that big nugget of gold. But I didn't try for it. I didn't even shut off the lights.

From the door of the cabin I can see the mine entrance, and the sign that Nick made— the one that says "Hon-yock Heaven." It's not so funny anymore, but I'm not going up there to take it down. I'm not going up there ever again. Maybe you think me a fool for running out on a hunk of gold that would set me up for the rest of my life, I don't care. See, last night when I was up there I noticed something. I screwed up my courage and took one last look into the pool. Tom and Nick were still down there, still smiling. Only they weren't looking at each other anymore. They were looking at me.



**THE END**







ER... YOUR MEETING WITH SIR MORRIS, SIR?

DO YOU BELIEVE IN PRECOGNITION SUSAN?



I'M SORRY SIR... I DON'T...

SEEING INTO THE FUTURE.

I'M SURE YOU DO. YOUNG PEOPLE BELIEVE IN THAT SORT OF THING TODAY, DON'T THEY?

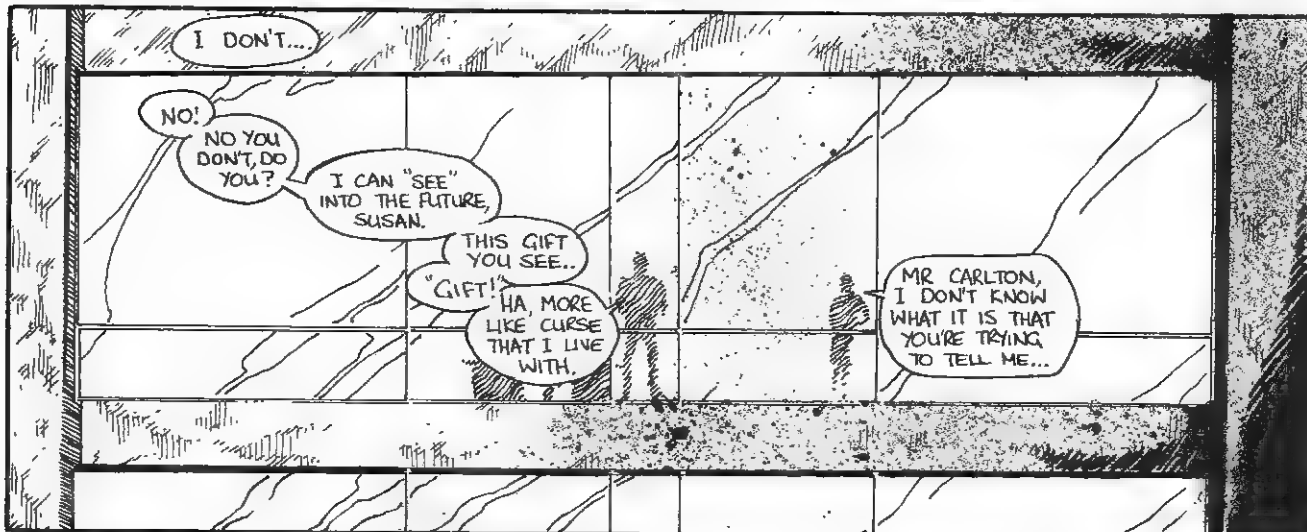


I DON'T. I READ MY HOROSCOPE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, I SUPPOSE.

HOROSCOPES

HA HA HA

I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT VAGUE MUDDLINGS IN THE DAILY NEWSPAPERS. I'M TALKING OF ACTUAL EVENTS. EVENTS THAT WILL HAPPEN.



I DON'T...

NO!

NO YOU DON'T, DO YOU?

I CAN "SEE" INTO THE FUTURE, SUSAN.

THIS GIFT YOU SEE...

"GIFT!"

HA, MORE LIKE CURSE THAT I LIVE WITH.

MR CARLTON, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS THAT YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL ME...



I HAVE FLASHES... VISIONS... THINGS THAT WILL HAPPEN.

SOMETIMES A MINOR EVENT.

OF LATE, MAJOR DISASTERS.

AN AIR CRASH.

A FERRY SINKING.

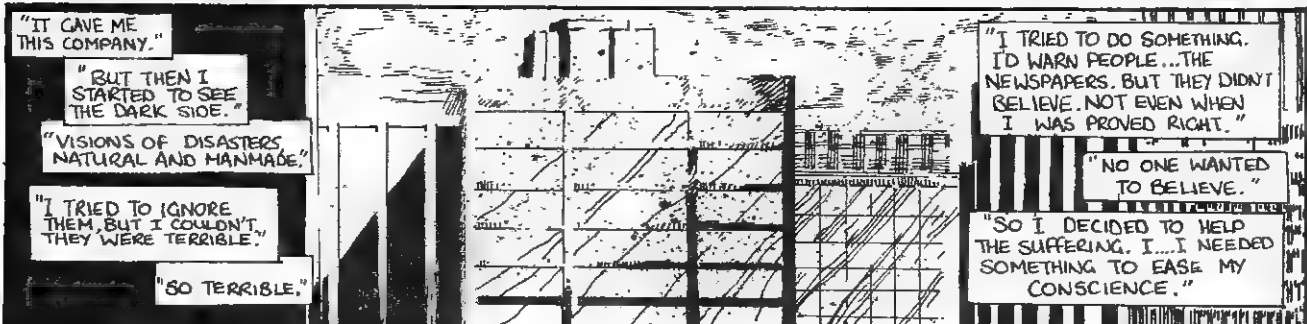
A SMALL WAR.

I THOUGHT IT WAS A WONDERFUL GIFT.

AT FIRST,

WHEN I WAS YOUNG.

HELPED ME QUITE A LOT, AT FIRST, YOU SEE, HORSE RACING, GAMBLING EVEN THE STOCK MARKET. IT MADE ME A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY OVER THE YEARS.



"IT GAVE ME THIS COMPANY."

"BUT THEN I STARTED TO SEE THE DARK SIDE."

"VISIONS OF DISASTERS, NATURAL AND MANMADE."

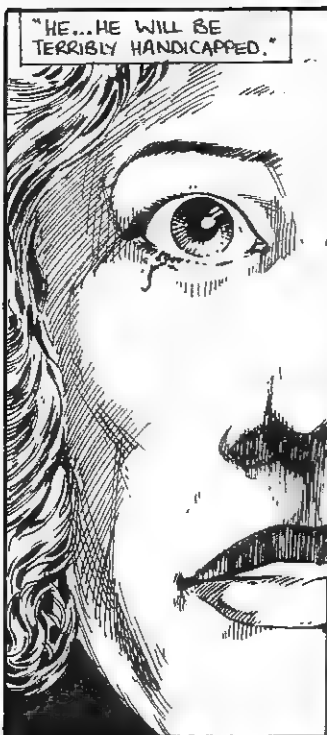
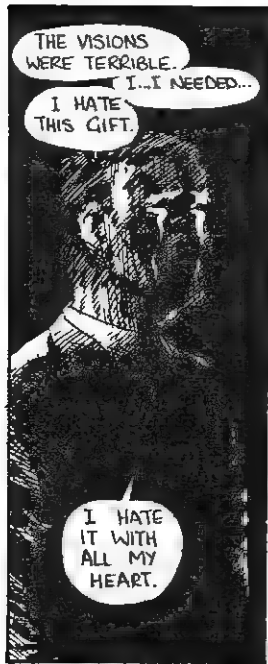
"I TRIED TO IGNORE THEM, BUT I COULDN'T, THEY WERE TERRIBLE."

"SO TERRIBLE."

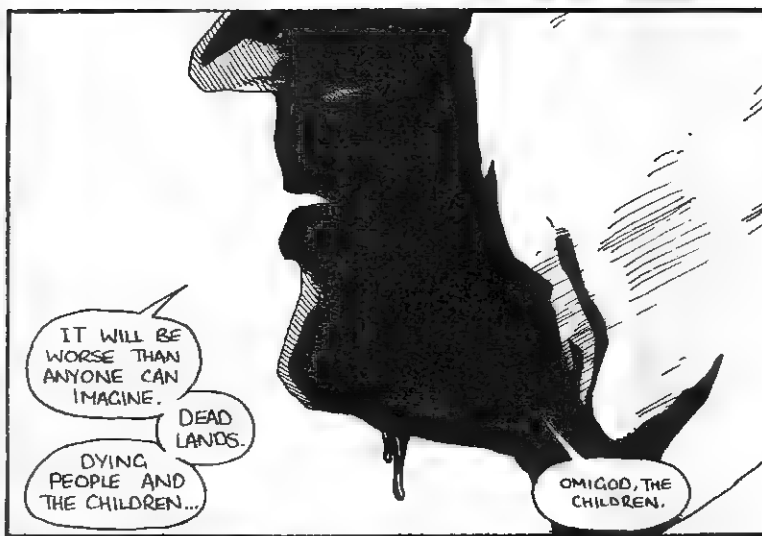
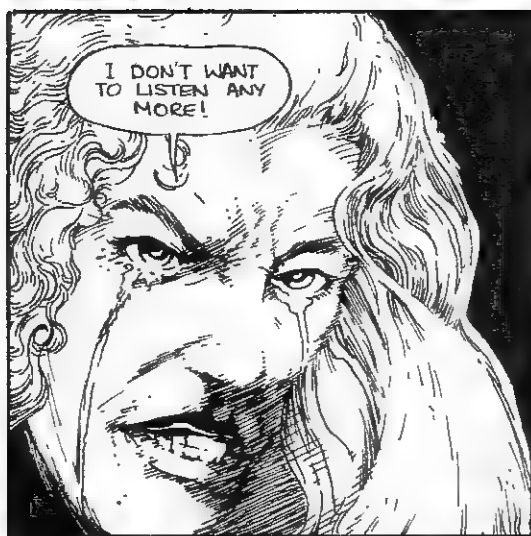
"I TRIED TO DO SOMETHING. I'D WARN PEOPLE...THE NEWSPAPERS. BUT THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE. NOT EVEN WHEN I WAS PROVED RIGHT."

"NO ONE WANTED TO BELIEVE."

"SO I DECIDED TO HELP THE SUFFERING. I...I NEEDED SOMETHING TO EASE MY CONSCIENCE."

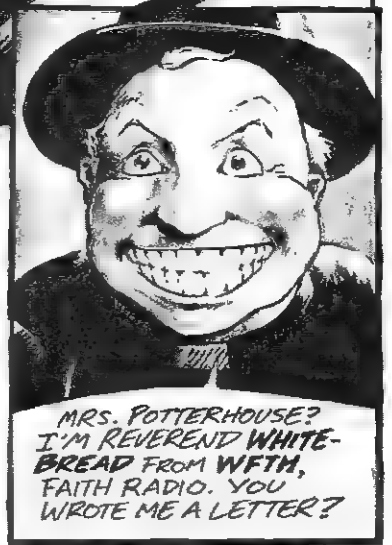
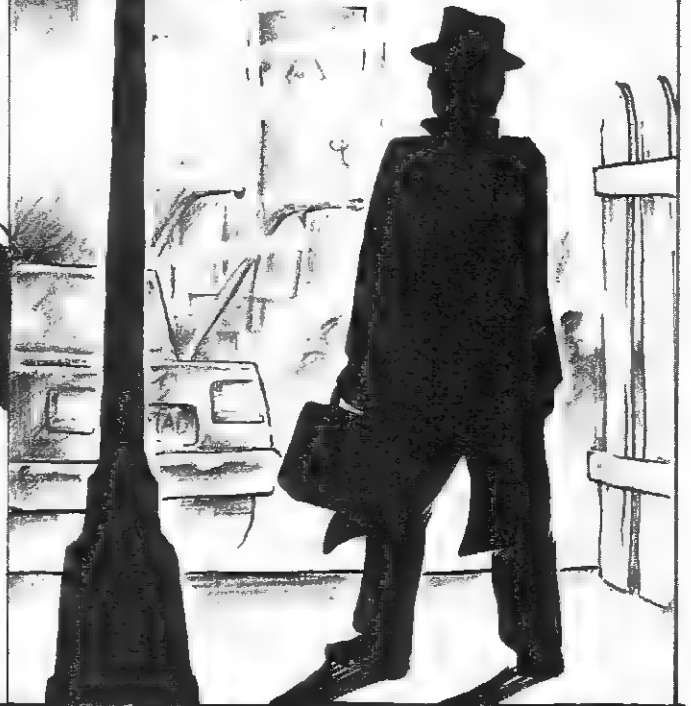


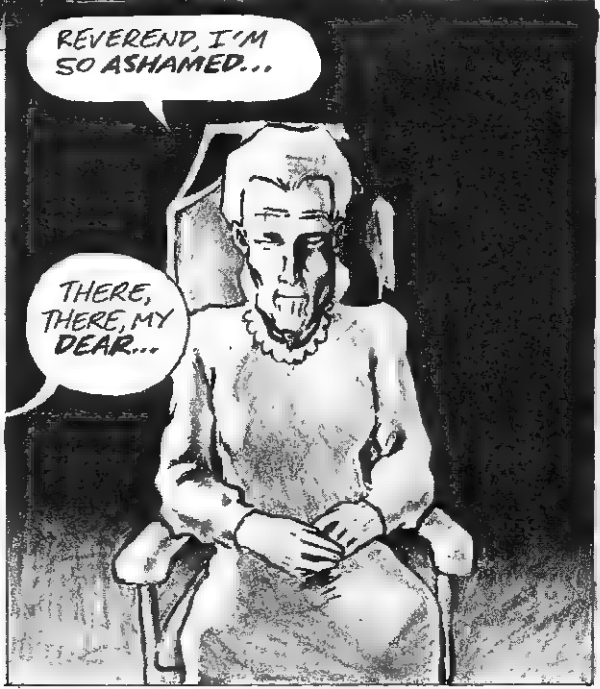




HI, KIDS! I'M THE AXEMAN, AND I'VE GOT A  
ROCKIN' LITTLE TALE FOR YOU ABOUT OUR  
FAVORITE KIND OF  
MUSIC...

# the Devil's Music









EVER SINCE MR. POTTER-HOUSE RAN OFF WITH THAT COCKTAIL WAITRESS I'VE TRIED TO BRING LITTLE HERMAN UP IN THE LIGHT OF THE LORD. I THOUGHT I HAD SUCCEEDED.



UNTIL I FOUND THESE!



HE MUST HAVE SNEAKED THEM IN. I WOULD NEVER ALLOW FILTH LIKE THIS UNDER MY ROOF. WE DON'T EVEN HAVE A RECORD PLAYER AND THE RADIO IS ALWAYS ON YOUR STATION, REVEREND.

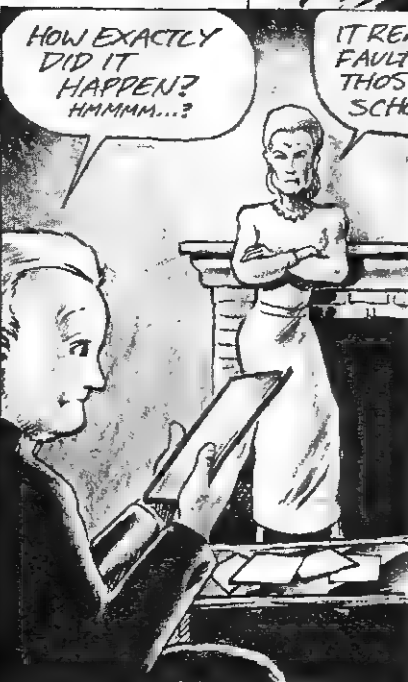


I WAS FURIOUS. I TOOK THE RECORDS FROM HIM AND GROUNDED HIM FOR AN ENTIRE MONTH.



YES. THIS IS HOW HE LOOKED BEFORE THIS HORRIBLE THING HAPPENED TO HIM.

IS THAT A PICTURE OF YOUR BOY?



HOW EXACTLY DID IT HAPPEN? HMMMM...?



IT REALLY WASN'T HIS FAULT AT ALL! I BLAME THOSE HOOLIGANS AT SCHOOL FOR ALL THIS!



THOSE LAZY, GOD-LESS, GOOD-FOR-NOTHING DUNKS WHO HANG OUT ALL DAY AT THE SHOPPING MALL. THEY ALL SEDUCED MY BABY BOY! COERCED HIM INTO GOING TO...

...A  
ROCK  
CONCERT!

HE TOLD ME HE WAS  
DOING SOME VOLUNTEER  
WORK FOR THE CHURCH.  
AFTER READING YOUR  
PAMPHLETS, REVEREND,  
I CAN WELL IMAGINE  
WHAT GOES ON AT ONE  
OF THOSE HEATHEN  
FESTIVALS!

SPORTS ARENA  
TONITE ONLY!  
ARMAGEDDON!

...AND  
THE HORRIBLE,  
DEAFENING  
MUSIC!

THE DRUGS AND  
THE LIQUOR!!

... THE  
LOOSE WOMEN!

I'M NOT  
A  
BIMBO-  
I'M A  
GROUPIE!

GOOD GIRLS  
GO TO  
HEAVEN-  
BAD GIRLS  
GO  
EVERYWHERE!



THE LORD  
ONLY KNOWS  
WHAT  
DREADFUL  
THINGS HE  
SAW...

WOW!

BOSS!

LOOKS  
REAL!!

...WHAT  
SATANIC IMAGE...

AWESOME!

WICKED!

LOOKS **REAL!**

OH, SHUT  
UP!

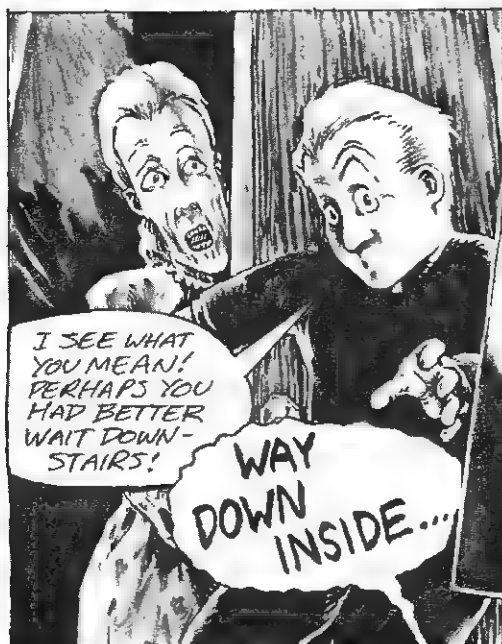
...DROVE  
MY POOR  
BOY OVER  
THE **EDGE!**

REVEREND, MY  
SON IS  
POSSESSED  
BY THE  
**DEVIL!**

COULD  
I SEE YOUR  
**SON?**







AND SO, THE BATTLE  
RAGES ON...

I CAST YOU  
OUT, SATAN!

PLEASED TO  
MEET YOU, HOPE YOU  
GUESSED  
MY NAME

...AND ON...

GET THEE BEHIND  
- ME!

CUM ON  
FEEL THE  
NOISE!!

...AND ON...

... I BANISH  
YOU... LOOSEN  
YOUR HOLD... IN  
THE NAME OF

TUTTI FRUTTI  
AW ROOTIE

...UNTIL FINALLY...

IT'S WORKING!  
I CAN FEEL IT!!

AAAAAAH...

OUT,  
DEMON!  
I BREAK  
YOUR  
POWER!

BREAK  
YOUR  
POWER--  
UH, UM...

AAAAAAH...

OH,  
NO!  
NO!!





AAAAAALL  
RIGHT!

LET'S  
ROCK!

HA  
HA HA  
HA HA HA  
HA HA HA  
HA!

CRASH!  
TINKLE!

B-B-  
BEGONE, UNCLEAN  
THING! I  
CAST YOU  
OUT!!

YOU  
JERK!!  
YOU BARGAIN-BASEMENT  
HOLY MAN! YOU CAN KICK  
ME OUT BUT YOU CAN'T  
MAKE ME DISAPPEAR!!  
YOU AND THIS KID'S MOTHER  
MADE ME  
WHAT I  
AM!!

LOOK AT THIS  
POOR FOOL... HE JUST  
WANTED TO HAVE A GOOD  
TIME AND YOU HAD TO  
MAKE HIM ALL  
**TWISTED**  
ABOUT IT.

I WRITE THE SONGS  
I WRITE THE SONGS!

AND THE MORE  
YOU **TWISTED**  
IT, THE MORE IT HAD  
TO **COME OUT**  
AND NOW **I AM OUT**  
AND **I'M**  
**GONNA**  
**STAY THAT**  
**WAY!!!**

I'D ALMOST BE SCARED  
IF I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT  
YOUR SWISS BANK ACCOUNT  
AND YOUR **THREE**  
**MISTRESSES!**

NEVER, SPAWN OF  
SATAN! I'LL FIGHT  
YOU TO MY **LAST**  
**BREATH!**

oops...

UH, WELL...  
SINCE YOU PUT  
IT THAT WAY...  
MAYBE WE CAN  
MAKE A LITTLE DEAL.

DEAL?  
WITH  
YOU?  
!?





DEAL  
THIS!

AND  
NOW, IF  
YOU'LL EXCUSE  
ME...

I'VE GOT  
ME A WORLD  
TO CONQUER!

... AND THE  
REST IS  
HISTORY...

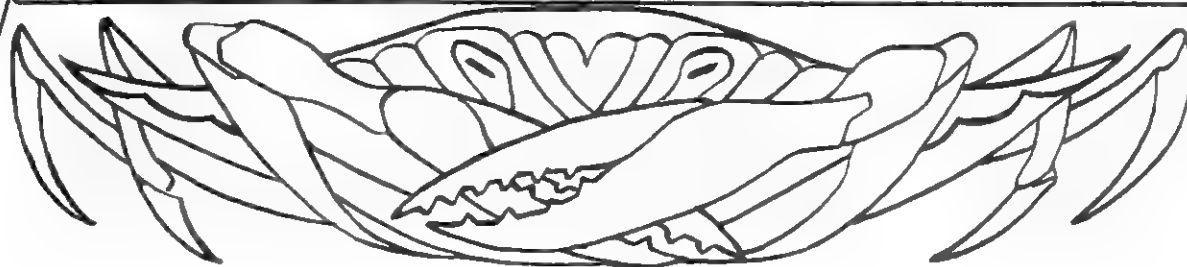
HERMAN?  
IS THAT  
YOU?

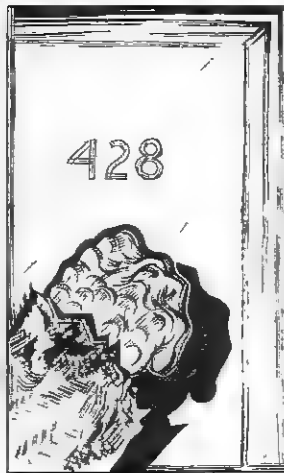
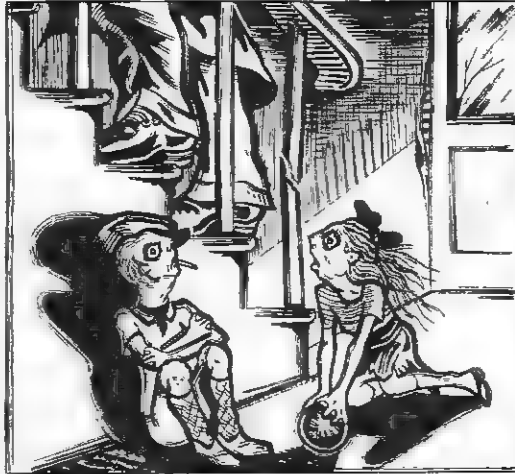
HERMAN  
AND THE  
HELL  
RAZOR  
SOLD OUT

END

TOWNSEND DUBISCH  
88-89  
letters by

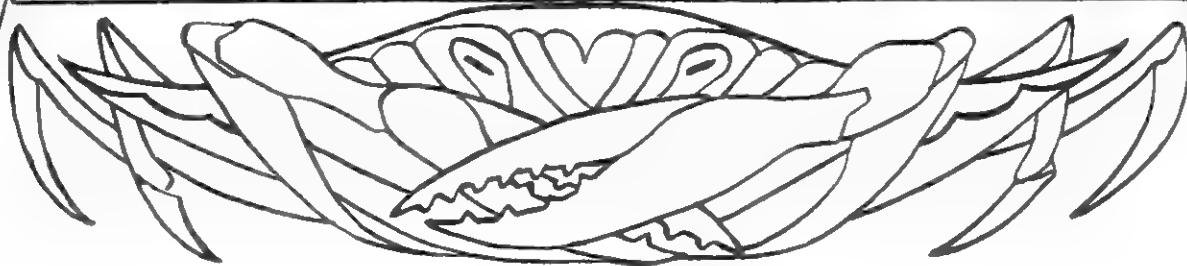




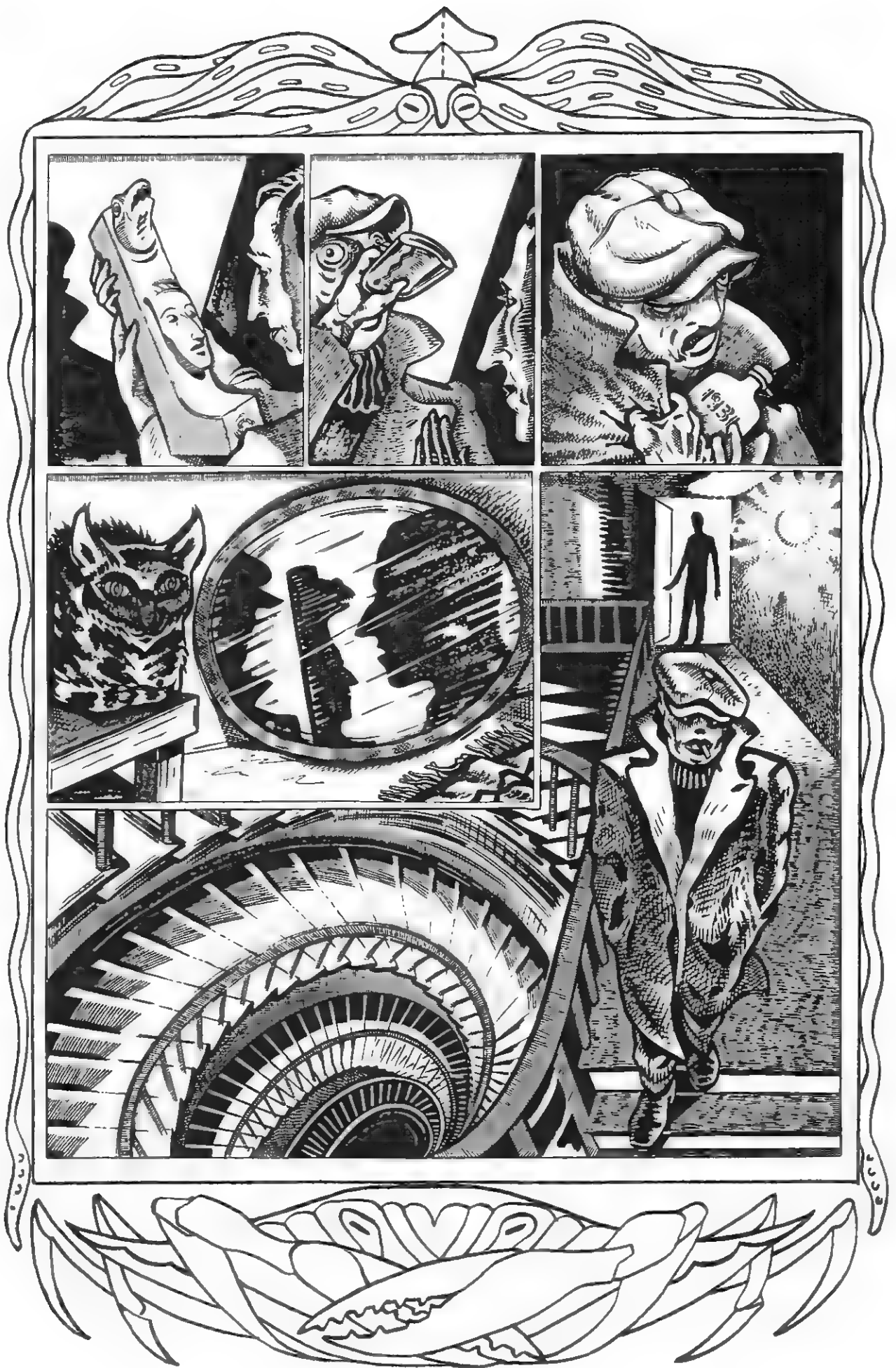


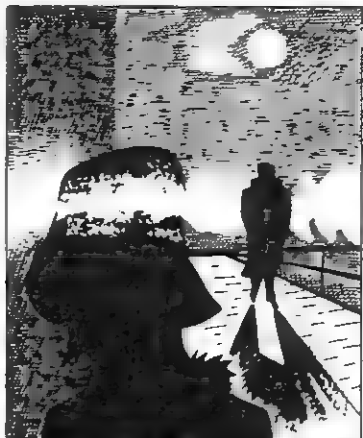
















# 'ANDY'

IT WAS A MOST UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT INDEED. AT FIRST I THOUGHT I'D NEVER EVER GET OVER IT. I USED TO CRY AT NIGHT. IT WAS A TERRIBLE HANDICAP I PRAYED AND PRAYED FOR A MIRACLE.

I'LL NEVER GO NEAR ANOTHER LAWN MOWER AGAIN!

LIFE SURE IS A BITCH!

WHEN YOU'VE LOST BOTH HANDS AT SUCH A YOUNG AGE.

BUT MY BODY HAS ADAPTED ITSELF RATHER WELL. HASN'T IT!

THE CURCH '88





Clive Barker



# Shocktoberfest 2008

